

THE  
**WAR CRY**  
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

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**FIRE ! FIRE ! TO THE RESCUE !**

# GOD'S TERRIBLE JUDGMENTS ON PERSECUTORS.

**A Banker, a Newspaper Editor, a Lawyer, Two Storekeepers, and a Bank Clerk Receive a Fearful Reward for Persecuting the Army.**

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine."

"Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, but on whosoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder."—Matt. xxi, 44.



In the town of P. a few years ago, a band of infidels and scoffers set themselves to work to annoy, and eventually, persecute our little band of Soldiers. They professed to be scandalized, and their feelings outraged by the beating of the drum, the clanging of the cymbals, and the shouting of the Soldiers on the streets. The singing of God's praises on the corner was to them only a cause for offence, instead of a cause for rejoicing. A local newspaper, whose owner was the founder of the group, readily gave up the use of his columns to the scribbling of a poor, misguided bank clerk, who seemed to take pleasure in stirring up strife. Then

## The Bank Manager

professed to be hindered in his work by the noise on the street. The "Hallelujah," the praying and the marching were all too scandalous for him to hear. A thoughtless candy dealer one night brought out a bunch of fire crackers, and lighting them, threw the lot under the feet of the captain, who calmly went on with her work, and made no effort to escape harm to herself or injury to her clothing. A ballist was a close companion to the conspirators. A man of means, equipped by the peculiar methods known to officials who distressed the poor and needy, and a rash, inconsiderate lawyer, the son of church-going Scotch parents, who was drifting into dissipation and godlessness, then began to busy themselves.

They set out for some legal steps to be taken to stop this noisy band of Salvation Soldiers. For months the warfare was kept up. Every device of Satan was used to hinder Law, but all was of no avail; the Army Corps was true to its vow, and persecution had no effect upon them.

At length the man who practiced law secured a seat in the Council, and soon introduced a by-law, cunningly framed, on which, after long discussion, a vote was taken, with the result a tie.

## The Mayor, to His Shame

and everlasting sorrow, voted for the by-law, and then the climax came.

A young man, a relative of the butler, and to whom he was indebted for pecuniary favors, was incited to bring about such a state of affairs as would give an opportunity to the devil's work. This he soon secured for the grocer, who, many times before, with a spirited horse, purposely drove near the Army, in order to bring on a quarrelous contest. He complained that his horse was frightened by the noise. A charge was laid before a magistrate, who was a willing tool, for he was a partisan of the Captain, considered unjust, and in default of payment she was

## Incarcerated in the County Jail,

being conveyed there by the ballist.

This story is given in brief, but the circumstances are all too well known in the Army. The petty persecution, annoyances and insults were the grocer, because they were endured for the sake of our Lord and Master; but it was cruelly refined to send a cultured, noble-minded Christian lady to a common jail for such a petty offence.

She bore her suffering with Christian fortitude, but the strain was too much for her strength, her health gave way, and her nervous system was shattered. She will receive a crown of glory, but what of those who were the means of bringing on this suffering and persecution?

"The mills of God grind slowly," but the details of their work in this case carry with them a warning which is well for every one to heed.

Here is the record up-to-date: The newspaper editor went deeper into drink and sin, and his paper, losing subscription also, ceased his business to drop off,

and he was forced to leave. The candy man's business also fell into decay, and he was obliged to close up. An affection of the brain seized him, and

## He Died in Great Anger.

The grocer became bankrupt, set fire to his store, fled the country and has since been a wanderer, an Ishmael from his home and his family, whom he also swindled. The banker proved to be a forger and a swindler. He stole the funds of the bank and fled in the night, leaving his wife and family, and although he escaped the clutches of the law, it has been only because the detectives have not been able to find him. The lawyer, too, robbed his clients; the widow and the orphans; his warmest friends and all who trusted him. He drank to excess, and sinking deeper and deeper into sin, he, too, fled the country, leaving those who had trusted him in distress and want.

## The Bank Clerk Did a Bawling Manne,

and the Mayor, he, too, died, and his closing days were not too cheering. The remaining actors in this conspiracy have yet to be accounted for.

The Recording Angel has written all these events in letters of living fire. This story all too true, but it shows us that "God is not mocked." He calls upon men to repent, but it is well for every one to pause and consider what they are doing, and see to it that they do not have too much to regret. It was a question which none of these men in any way sought to retrieve until it was too late. What a sad, sad ending.

## Do You Look Up?

I STOOD at the door this morning, looking up and down the street, when a man came along the walk and made the remark: "It looks like more rain!" I looked around at the buildings and down at the wet walks and roadway and in the clouds I saw a flash of light and a couple of electric lamps I would, also, from the appearance of things, have said the same; but on looking up to the sky—what a difference! Stars were down upon the earth as though to say—before the sun's brilliance drove them away—"Good night, or 'Good morning' to you!" I heard a loud and feeble feathery hiss left, as it were, to break the monotony of the broad expanse of blue.

I wondered then if the man's spiritual condition was on the same line as his view of things on that street. How many of us Christians there are who look for SIGNS in our circumstances, our joy or sorrow in our life as we work it out and forget to look up to the hills from whence cometh the Father and blessing of God to all who are His?

## "Joins Lifted."

He is not down—though He came down and died, but in that death there is the lever that overthrow the Kingdom of Satan in the hearts of men and women—the Blood. Then through that Blood we have given us the promised Comforter, the Holy Ghost. The mission of the Holy Ghost is what? To tell you to look around at the walls of men and women wet with the rains of inconsistency and failures, to look down at the roadway and walks of life wet with the rains of adverse circumstances, and your own past defeats? No! A thousand times No! We are reminded that we have a Saviour from all sin, defeat or disaster. It reminds us we are no longer of this world or its circumstances. We are reminded that Christ arose and sits on the right hand of the Father, and ours is the Kingdom of God if we cease to be of this world and receive as we kneel at the foot of Calvary's Cross and pleaded with the Jesus that was crucified for an application of that precious Blood to cleanse our iniquities; and as we heard the answer, "Go and sin no more," we can realize we sin not at all, as we in faith look on His strong Arm. We trust His power and look up,—not down.

## "LONGFELLOW."

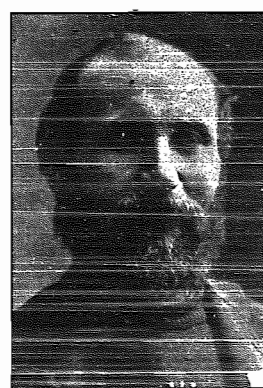
## MAJOR READ THE WITNESS BOX.

To me the happiest place in which to live spiritually is that place of the abode of God's people, where His Soldiers and maids love, while fighting, to gaze on a crucified King. I love to declare His love for sinners, His death, His passion. This is my hope, my life, my joy, my triumph for Him. While not being able to stand at the very feet, I am doing what I can to carry the devil with a sanctified pen-point.

"Glory to the Lord Who bought me,  
Glory to the Lord Who saving gave me,  
Glory to the Lord Who keeps me,  
Glory, glory evermore!"

# OLD VETERANS FIRE! FIRE!

JIM McILROY, Orangeville.



"My mother and father," says James McIlroy, "arrived in Toronto from Ireland on the 9th of July, 1852, myself being born three days later, on the 12th of July, 1852. The first cloud that seemed to darken my life and that left one black stain was when I was thirteen years of age. Oh, if it was not for the FLITEST step, the first time partaking of the bitter drugs, and which was yet to bring into my life that bitterness which often led me to contemplate my own destruction. The next thing I remember is that that fatal night is waking up and finding myself nearly frozen to death, lying in deep snow by the side of the stump of a tree, where some one had thrown me out of the way when he could no longer take care of himself."

"At another time," he says, "not very long after, I got drunk, went home, got a butcher's knife, put it into my mouth, saying at the same time, if there was a God, to kill me; I hadn't got the grit to do it myself. Another time I went drinking all night, and coming home next day I lay down by the side of a church on the sidewalk. The pigs even came and were rolling me off the sidewalk."

"During these seasons," he says, "I got married. The first death since my marriage was a baby. I had to go to town to have my companion sent to fear the funeral. So strong," he says, "had the monster Devil Drink managed its victim, that the money intended to purchase the articles mentioned went into the saloon-keeper's till. I was taken home helplessly drunk, thrown on the bed, while on a board lay the little corpse of my child." "But," says he, "on the second Sunday in March, 1885, James McIlroy's name was registered in the Book of Life, and that night Heaven's bell rang out the glorious tidings of my Salvation."

"Through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army," Jim says, "I am to-day what I am."

"May God bless the Salvation Army!" is his testimony.

## CAPTAIN PEACOCK.

When the Salvation Army opened fire on the town of Barrie, I, with several of my companions, went on to meet them, and see for myself what kind of people they were. I was very much taken up with them, and went again and again. I was asked if I was saved, and although I had been professing to be a Christian, the word "saved" seemed to go to my heart and set me thinking whether I was right or not. It was also through the instrumentality of Captain Madden, I was led to see my backslidden state. I cried for mercy and forgiveness, and He again received me into His family. After a short time we invited the Captain to come to Stroud and hold Salvation Army meetings. He asked me if I could help him in the opening and the march. I said, "Yes," and from that time I have proved the power of God sufficient to keep at all times. I once became a Soldier and have been fighting in the ranks up till the present. We have had the joy of seeing some of our children saved and fighting in the great Salvation Army. Our motto is, Victory through the Blood of Jesus. Amen!—Captain Peacock.

Note by the Editor:—The Captain has omitted to say that he has a son in the field as Lieutenant, another son, Walter, has been employed in the Editorial and the Financial offices at Headquarters for the last two years. He is also a Local Officer of the Junior Soldier War. Florence, the Captain's daughter, is also saved and a prominent worker amongst the Juniors.

The flames have caught the window-shades, and there is a glare of light into the big street. A thousand throats cheer as the fireman dashes up the ladder, and axe in hand, deals blow after blow at the framework, and disappears into the interior of the burning house. The heat grows fiercer, and the occasional falls of rafter and support sound like the report of a huge cannon. Silently the crowd waits, but later on bursts into cheers as the brave fireman appears, bearing a precious human freight.

Why has he devoted his life? Simply as a matter of duty.

Are there no fires from which you ought to be rescuing men and women? They are perishing in the flames of sin. They care nothing for it, and are even careless as to whether they are saved or not. It will not be an easy task to rescue them. They will buffet and repulse you; they will slander and misrepresent you. Many of their "firemen" may be half-hearted and an army appears, bearing a precious human freight.

But your duty is to rush to the rescue.

Do you say that you see firemen lolling away the time in a score of petty ways, taken up with their own homes and prospects, and education, rather than concerned about the fire? What then? It does not alter your own plain and simple duty. If you are one of God's firemen, woe be unto you if you neglect that duty.

Thousands of such firemen are at work daily. They rescue thousands from the flames. No crowd cheers them for being daring. Nay, if only they will slacken, they get applause. Otherwise, men will call them fanatics and trouble-makers. They love the fire of sin—utterly reckless of its devouring results.

Now, will you be one of God's firemen?

You say you cannot be an Officer? That depends upon your personal circumstances. It is between yourself and God. But you can have the rescuing spirit, which is what an officer or not. There may shame in soul-saving. His up, in your own town, just as you are, and say, "By the grace of God, and in spite of my unconcern and coldness of people around me, I will save souls. I will do a thousand things that have nothing whatever to do with their business as firemen, but in spite of the fact that my devotion may shame them in soul-saving, I will do it—here goes to be a fireman or firewoman—for God and souls."

## TRY A PICK-UP-UP.

Are you white-hot?

Dare to stand alone.

Show plenty at home.

Love is bound to win.

Bless them that curse you.

Jesus doeth all things well.

Blessed are the pure in heart.

Too much talk destroys pity.

After you distrust God's care?

Dare the storm comes the calm.

When you reach Canaan, stop there.

The eye that guards me never sleeps.

The way of the Cross is the way of light.

Is the life of Christ manifested in your life?

I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing.

Be made clean by washing, not by grooming.

The day that art beginning is perhaps to be thy last.

Much Bible without prayer—soul profits very little.

The thing which before God you ought to do—per cent of your money certainly belongs to God. Do you really see that He gets it?

"I'm not going to leave it to the devil, they kill the last dog and the last man."

Thou hast gun, said Matchett to his

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# THE ARMENIANS AT HALIFAX.

Welcome to the Twenty-One Refugees at the Academy of Music—Tales of Suffering and Torture—\$313.16 Raised.

Major Pugmire, the new Eastern Provincial Officer, sends us the following, clipped from the Halifax Herald:

"The Academy of Music was twice crowded to the doors yesterday at the meetings of the Salvation Army in aid of the twenty-one Armenian refugees whom the Army has brought to Canada. The audiences did not attend out of mere curiosity, for they expressed their practical sympathy by contributing at yesterday's meetings the handsome sum of \$313.16 to aid these poor people in making a start in this country. The meetings were directed by Major Pugmire, assisted by Adjutant MacLean and Staff-Captain Gage, who made strong pleas on behalf of the Armenian strangers.

The refugees were nearly all quite young men. Many of them are intelligent and some well educated. Although exiled from their native land, despoiled of their possessions, and mourning the loss of many friends, having been murdered by the Turks, they are cheerful and hopeful of success in Canada. They are very grateful for the kindness of the Halifax people, and, above all, are eager to get to work.

Last night short statements were made by Alexander Oshanian, a student, 22 years old, Sardis Buzianian, student, 29 years old, Osannes Buzianian, 16 years old, and Kurkor Kaulian, detailing some of the scenes of butchery and horror they witnessed in Constantinople. The interpreter of the land, Garabet Binnian, made an interesting address describing the life and customs of his people. He told of the life in the Church of Constantine, which was fired by the Turks, and saw women and children throw themselves into the flames rather than submit to the indignities of their blood-thirsty persecutors.

Major J. S. Pugmire, Provincial Officer of the Salvation Army for the Maritime Provinces, graciously donated the receipt of the following amounts taken and promised at the meetings in the Academy of Music yesterday in aid of the refugee Armenians:

Collections, \$117.57; amounts promised, \$62.50; taken at the door, \$133.88; donation to the Armenian Relief Committee, \$10.00; total, \$313.16. Collected by Staff-Captain Gage, \$10.00; taken at the door, \$133.88; donation to the Armenian Relief Committee, \$10.00; total, \$313.16.

## "NAPOLEON"

TIES A KNOT.

Traveller: "Good morning, Adjutant! You are like bad weather—all over. And what are you doing here?"

Adjutant: "Doing? Doing everything! pushing G. B. M.; encouraging Officers, and getting people married."

Traveller: "And who is getting married now?"

Adjutant: "Well, this time it is Captain Harper, late of Halifax, to Sergeant-Major Shoemaker, of Norwich."

Traveller: "And when did this take place?"

Adjutant: "On Wednesday, December 16th."

Traveller: "And who performed the ceremony?"

Adjutant: "Brigadier 'Napoleon' Margetta."

Traveller: "And what kind of a time did you have?"

Adjutant: "Time? It was a time and a half, and one long to be remembered. The Brigadier was in the best of spirits. Soldiers, of course, took no part in it, it being their Captain, which, of course, added greatly to the success of the meeting."

Traveller: "How did the interested parties appear?—I mean the bride and bridegroom?"

Adjutant: "Appear? Appeared as if they knew what they were doing, and say? You should have heard them when it came to the 'I wills'! they were spoken in plain English."

Traveller: "They were not nervous, then?"

Adjutant: "No, indeed; that was out of question. On being called on to sing a solo they heartily responded, and the solos were very appropriate to the occasion. The bride sang, 'I love Him best of all,' and the bridegroom sang, 'Hallelujah. It is done,' which brought down the house."

Traveller: "And were there any other leading lights present?"

Adjutant: "Oh, yes! Your humble servant, who had to give an address on 'Married Life.' Esmen Scotchell spoke on behalf of single life, and said that he was single. Esmen Green also spoke, and acted as best man. Brother Dawson and Sister Scott also gave some very round answers."

Traveller: "Well, Adjutant, I suppose

# THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, MISS BOOTH,

AND—

## The 21 Armenians at St. John, N.B.

HUGH AUDIENCES—VOLCANO OF SYMPATHETIC EMOTION—CENTENARY CHURCH CROWDED—MAYOR PRESIDED—FIELD COMMISSIONER GREETED WITH MARKED AFFECTION—EXTRAORDINARY FINANCIAL TOTAL,

\$625!

BY SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE WAR CRY.



COMMISSIONER'S visit St. John with band of Armenian refugees caused greatest excitement. Opera House packed to its utmost capacity twice Sunday. Deepest emotion and breathless attention as Commissioner pleaded the cause of this wronged and oppressed people as never before witnessed. Tears fell hot and fast all over that vast crowd. Especially was this the case when the Commissioner took by the hand the little escaped Armenian child and told of the massacre of her seven brothers. Four hundred dollars was generously and eagerly given in these two meetings. Centenary Church, the largest and best in the city, crowded Monday night—nearly two thousand people. Mayor presided. Leading citizens and ministers present. City stirred from centre to circumference. All hearts eager to help. Total results, \$625. Commissioner delighted. Commissioner's love for the people at St. John could be traced in her every sentence and the returned affection was loudly spoken in the repeated applause and shining countenances which greeted her presence at every meeting, and broke in upon her remark, "God bless St. John." Self am all alive and full of faith for the coming year.

MAJOR PUGMIRE.



## SALVATION FOR THE JEWS.

Mark Levy, a Converted Jew, Addresses a Great Crowd of His People—Hundreds Unable to Get into the Barracks at Hamilton I.

We have just had a Sunday's special meeting for the Jews of the city. Brother Mark Levy, a converted Jew, addressed the meeting, taking for his subjects: "Christ in the Old Testament," and "Why I became a Christian." Large numbers of Jews were present, and at the evening service we were packed out. Auditorium, gallery, platform, aisles, and every bit of standing-room taken up, and even then some two or three hundred people were turned away. Souls are being saved in almost every meeting. Crowds increasing. Soldiers all on fire, and victory is ours. To God be the glory.—Adjutant MacLean.

Patience is the cheapest law, as temperance is the safest remedy.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, And tools to work withal, for those who will; And blessed are the horny hands of toil!

# FOR THE CHILDREN.

## Miss Booth's Christmas Tree.

Officers and Shelter Children Have a Very Happy Time.

"Get us level . . . that He gave."

You SHOULD have been there. Didn't you know about it? Oh, my, my! I but I. And all us little toddlers went with our papas and mamas to—oh SUCH a beautiful Christmas Tree, given for the Officers' children and the little ones in the Shelter. (numbering fourteen) by our Commissioner, Miss Booth. Why, do you know there were forty of us toddlers, and oh, every, so many papas and mamas—and some others they call "the young people." I think; they're grown up, you know, only they're not married yet—that's what I mean, like Staff-Captain . . . Oh, I forgot we mustn't mention names.

Well, the Christmas Tree was held in the Barracks at Ligonville. There were the most beautiful and expensive of some little ones. Oh, yes, if we ARE children we can pray. We clapped our hands, or clapped them, and many children had such earnest little faces and big, big eyes. I feel sure they understood it all, just like I suppose the big folk do.

We had a game next, marvellous round chair, while Colonel Jacobus played the piano. The Commissioner and Colonel Jacobus were in it, and about a dozen of us children. All the rest of the visitors sat round the tree, but it was not a party would do, and they DID laugh to see us play.

But the part that filled us all with wonder and delight was Santa Claus's appearance. Colonel Jacobus came into the middle of the Barracks and told us all to listen for the bells. Presently there was a tinkling of bells, but it was not the Santa Claus, it was a passing sleigh. We all listened again. Again came the sound of sleigh-bells—jingle, jingle, jingle. We expected his appearance almost breathlessly, but it wasn't him!

Then the Colonel cried "Here he comes," then the door flew open; there was such a great rattle and a tinkling of sleigh-bells, and with a bound and a shout in came Santa Claus, laden with presents. Of course, there were too many things given for me to tell you about them all, but you ought to have seen "Little Katie" of the Shelter. She received first a doll. When Santa Claus with his long, white whiskers and his fur coat came towards her, her usually and little face brightened up, and she gave a faint smile of wonder and pleasure, but later on when Santa Claus called out her name a second time, and Little Katie took into her own hands for her very first a pretty little purse, containing a cent. Oh, my, all her eyes did open wide, and she did just look happy. Miss Booth called us all round her, and prayed so earnestly for us; after this. Then they gave some candles off the big Christmas tree, which was standing about twice as high as a grown-up man, with its branches all loaded with good things and illuminated with the light from so many colored candles. Speaking for the children, I can say we do appreciate the thought and joy in children, this Christmas, forgetting even us children, this Christmas, and trying to bring joy to the hearts of the little orphans in the Institution and joy to us all. Then, too, I'm sure our papas and mamas are very grateful because you know it helps them to realize what we all really are, just like little, happy, loving family in the Lord.

LITTLE TODDLER. (pro. tem.)

CHILDREN SHOULD BE GOT TO REMEMBER THE LITTLE BOXES FOR LAZARUS.







## THE TWENTY-ONE ARMENIAN REFUGEES

Who Recently Landed in this Country Under the Auspices of the Salvation Army.

### THE REFUGEES

AT HALIFAX.

**A Report by Adj. McLean—Their Names and Occupations—Many Intelligent and Educated—One Speaks Seven Languages—Their Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters and Relatives Massacred.**

The Armenians are very intelligent. One of them speaks seven languages, and the others two, three and four. We had two mass meetings Sunday in the Academy of Music, which was crowded to the doors, and raised \$317. Major Fuenir was present, and conducted the meetings. I will give you the name of each one, also age, occupation, and where he hails from:

Alexander Osganian, clerk, age 22, from Constantinople.  
Armenak Kuratbekian, waiter, age 21, from Savoy.  
Ohanness Bedrosian, student, age 16, Constantinople.  
Antonio Yerondukies, merchant, age 20, from Crete Island.  
Parsegh Papazian, shop-keeper, age 20, from Constantinople.  
Sarkis Barulshinian, student, age 20, from Smyrna.  
Ohanness Donigian, cook, age 20, Constantinople.  
Philithos Minastan, porter, age 10, from Divrek; married, two children.  
Stephen Melconian, tailor, age 28, from Moscow.  
Krikor Canavlian, clerk, age 31, from Egea.  
Sotrak Terzian, draper, age 20, from Archenore.  
Zadik Makdestan, porter, age 28, from Divrek; married, one child.  
Nazaret Mooradian, hostler, age 25, Moscow.  
Hoghasar Sahingian, tailor, age 28, Mar-nah.  
Sutrak Ashjian, cook, age 18, from Mar-nah.  
Markar Serabian, fireman, age 18, from Constantinople.  
Joseph Zarlman, cuppersmith, age 26, from Constantinople.  
Kikor Avilian, moulder, age 27, Sivay.

Bohyos Huchavovian, baker, age 40, Korput; married, three children.  
Bohyos Mangervian, carpenter, age 37, from Paboo, four children.  
Garabed Ebnation, dry goods clerk, age 20, from Constantinople.

This party has suffered the loss of fathers, mothers, wives, children, brothers and sisters and other relations. In all they number

#### Forty Who Have Fallen Victims

of the bloodthirsty Turks. They have witnessed some of the worst massacres, but escaped with their lives. Some of them made their way to Marseilles, where the Army succoured them and sent them on to London, where they were also fed and sheltered by the Army until arrangements were made for their transportation here. I had the honor of meeting them and giving them a welcome to the land of the free, also caring for them, for which they feel most grateful. They are looking forward to the time when they will be settled.

A. McLEAN.

#### WINNIPEG.

Good times in Winnipeg, from 7 to 11 p.m. God blessed us; knee-drill a mighty time. Holiness meeting an outpouring; one soul afternoon; a God-glorifying time at night, a meeting filled with God's spirit and power; glorious victory; four souls were found at Jesus' feet and got heartily saved. God bless the Winnipeg Comrades. They are workers.

Cadet Habkirk.

#### HILLSBORO, N.D.

Praise God for victory! We wound up Sunday's fighting with one sister crying to God for mercy. Emsign McKenzie was here Tuesday and Wednesday with his Lantern. Our Self-Denial was a success. We hit the target, which was \$70. Our friends were very kind in helping us. The Soldiers all took an active part. Hal-lelujah!—T. Hanson, Cor.

#### REVIVAL AT HAMILTON.

Big times at Hamilton! This week-end. Waves of Holy Ghost power. Mighty conviction. Sunday special for Backsliders. Glorious times; Citadel packed to the door. Fourteen seeking Salvation. Corps on the rise. Tiger revival expected. Wishing all a Happy New Year.

J. B. Maclean, Adjutant.

### Important to Field Officers.

#### AN UNWORKED MINE.

Every one wishes to add to his list of special meetings anything new, attractive, and yet thoroughly Salvation Army, and when this can be done with the surest result of helping the Officer, increasing the attendance, doubling the collection, and assisting Territorial Headquarters, it surely needs but to be mentioned to be commenced this winter throughout the country. We propose to show how this can be done, either on Sundays or week-evenings at any Corps, small or large. The method of operation is as follows:

1. The Officer (1) to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the principles and the present position of the Social Scheme in general and the Territorial Social Work in particular, and to be prepared to state them intelligently from the platform.

2. Secure a "local light" to attend the barracks sit on the platform, and probably give \$5.00 into the bargain!

3. Meet the Light Brigade Local Agents in connection with the Corps, and through them issue written or printed invitations to their box-holders to be present at the meeting.

4. Send a few dimes on interesting advertisements, giving some idea of the nature of the lecture, and invite the religious and philanthropic people of the neighborhood.

5. Have the Light Brigade Agents on the platform, so that they are furnished with particulars explanatory of the Social Scheme, and use them in the meeting.

6. Appeal not only for help for the Corps, but endeavor to secure the taking of a Grace Before Ment Box by every friend and outsider present, and send it a name of such new Box-holders to the Provincial Grace Before Ment Agent.

The consequences will, in addition to those above, be many and far-reaching. Each outsider taking a Grace Before Ment Box will be permanently linked to the Salvation Army. Many a score of its present-day friends were made in this way. Thousands of new workers for, and

givers to the Social Scheme would be made from those who are now opposers through ignorance of what we are doing, And the Local Corps and its Officers must reap the benefit.

After practical experience, I venture to say to every Field Officer, "Try it, and see for yourself." It requires hard work to make it a success, but then what doesn't! Any further hints and suggestions will be gladly furnished upon application to Territorial Headquarters by

MAJOR J. READ.

### OUR LOCAL OFFICERS.

**A Sermonette on "Talking" by Secretary Casbin.**

I was thinking what tremendous harm is done by the tongue of people, many professing Christians included. It is a restless evil, full of deadly poison. St. Paul says, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." This doesn't mean that we'll always be talking about religion, but whatever may be our conversation, let it be pure, that people may take note that we have learned of Jesus. We should study to know when to hold our tongue. Jesus kept silence under the greatest provocation, when He could easily have defounded Himself against His enemies.

Jesus didn't stand up for his rights. Holy people will be criticized by the world and by half-hearted Christians, but the best way is to keep silence, as Jesus did, and go on with our good work. Lord, help me more than ever to increase in this wonderful grace! But there are times when we must speak out, as well as be silent, and rebuke, and correct wrongs, but we will need extra grace to do this. The Saviour denounced wrong, as well as kept silence. Lord, keep us from being harsh in our words! There is much room for kind words that comfort, and heal, and help, but no room for idle, foolish, and silly words.

Twelve girls comprise a Junior Christian Endeavor Society in an industrial school for girls in Toronto. Last year these children gave thirty dollars for missions, all raised by their own efforts. —Presbyterian Review.

## GAZETTE.

MARRIED.—At Jamestown, N. D., on December 8th, by Major Bennett, Captain Bailey, of Minot, to Captain Thierly; last station, Miles City, Montana.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

THREE  
ARMENIANS

AT THE TERRITORIAL CENTRE.

Tell Shocking Story of a Prosperous Home in Flames and Seven Sons Murdered



## The Field Commissioner's Christmas Tree.

HE thanks the Officers at the Territorial Centre are due the Commissioner for the tender regard which expressed itself in the form of a Christmas Tree for Officers' children and the orphans of the Children's Shelter. All the children were nearly wild with delight, but the slight most touching was the amazement of those little waifs who probably got more solid enjoyment on that occasion than in all their troubled history previously. Then, too, whatever increases the true family feeling amongst the officers of the Army, and it would be a cold heart indeed that was not drawn out in lively feelings of comradely affection and brotherly interest on such an occasion as that.

THUS speaketh the LORD of Hosts, saying, Execute true judgment, and show mercy and compassion every man to his brother; and oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, the stranger, nor the poor; and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart.—Zech. vii. 9 and 10.

## Miss Booth at St. John, and Why.

ST. JOHN, N. B., is fortunate beyond most other cities of the Territory in having the services of the Field Commissioner on a third occasion in so brief a space of time. Of course St. John appreciates the Commissioner and gives expression to that appreciation most unmistakably. Nevertheless, with so many urgent and repeated calls, St. John could not have gained this noble privilege but for the fact that the cause of the Armenians must be championed, and the expenses of their journey to Toronto must be met, and who would do this like the Commissioner? The highly successful nature of the Armenian demonstrations led by the Commissioner prove the wisdom of the course adopted.

## Our Armenians

We have now twenty-four destitute Armenians, for whose welfare we are responsible, and at the time of writing the Field Commissioner is in the East championing their cause.

It is only a few months ago since the full facts of the Armenian horror became known to Miss Booth. Her whole soul was shocked and horrified beyond expression and her life heart has been literally burning with sympathy for that afflicted people ever since. Such sympathy must be practical, and the Commissioner, so soon as the Armenians required, did what every Soldier and friend will enthusiastically support her in doing, viz., offered to find a home and work for some of those who landed at Marselles with nothing but bare life.

Stricken as the whole Christian world has been over the Armenian ghastliness, it is safe to say that no heart was stirred more deeply into their agony than our leader's, and we feel happy in the thought that from her heart and lips these refugees will have representation before the Christian public of this country worthy of their deep need.



The Dutch Gruce Before Meat Box.

ROUND the cook stove in a kitchen of the Working Women's Home, in Toronto, on Christmas Eve, there stood three individuals, a man, his wife, and a little maiden of some 10 or 12 years. The man and woman were middle-aged, and scantily clad. The woman's face bore an expression of quiet sadness. The child was a sweet little thing with a wealth of black hair, dark lustrous eyes, and a clear pale complexion. She was shy and somewhat constrained in her movements, but smiled when she recognized a word of the English addressed to her or her parents. The remnant of a family of ten, including the parents, are representatives of that persecuted, driven-to-depair race—the Armenians, and were the first to arrive at our Territorial Centre, having been amongst the contingent who reached New York under Salvation Army auspices recently.

In the same room, endeavoring to sign petitions and talk to make themselves understood, were the Field Commissioner, Colonel Jacobs and Major Complin, but this proved slow work, for the most prominent English speaker of the three Armenians was the child, who had advanced to the extent of saying "chair," "fork," etc., when these articles of furniture were pointed out.

"Do you speak German?" said the Colonel. "German," correctly replied the little girl with what we took to be an affirmative nod of the head, who pointed. Miss Booth sent for Staff-Captain Horn, who is a native of Germany, and has not yet forgotten the speech of the fatherland.

In due time Staff-Captain Horn arrived, but alas! he could make himself no better understood than the rest of us. We all left and the Armenians, who looked weary, retired to rest.

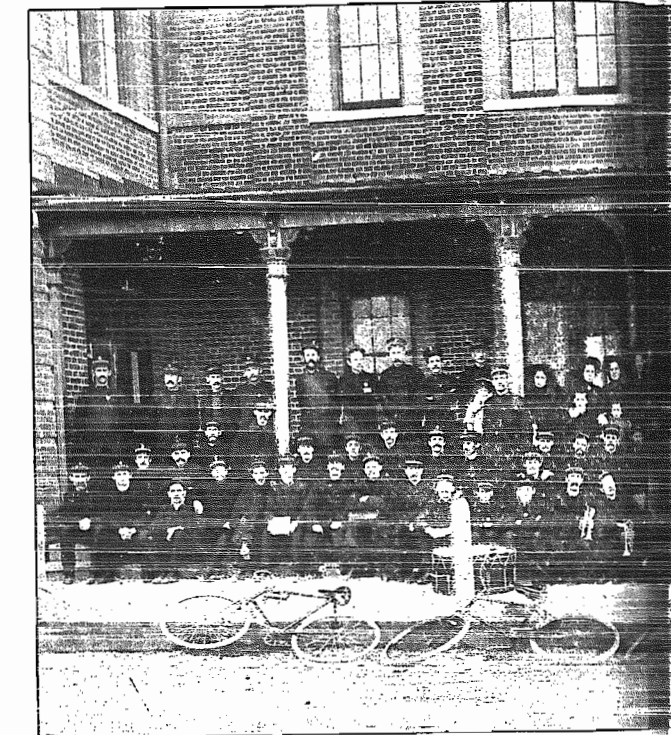
Germans are great people to "get there," and by the time the Field Commissioner had returned from purchasing a quantity of warm clothing for the Armenian child, Brother Horn had ferried around the Chinese and other foreign portions of the city, and returned with a Syrian and an Italian, who the Armenians out of bed, and was quizzing away at the Italian, who in turn quizzed the Syrian, who translated the Italian's queries into Turkish, which language the Armenian brother understood.

The Syrian is a bright young fellow, who had been but two weeks in the country. He was content to live on his wages. When the Field Commissioner arrived and found French was amongst his accomplishments, it was not long before an animated conversation was going on in that tongue between them.

The substance of what was elicited from the Armenians was to the effect that the residence of these three refugees had been in Zanzon (I spell according to pronunciation), somewhere south of Trebizond. This man had done business there in what answers to a shop and food store here. He was in prosperous circumstances, having lands and a house. When he first became aware of the coming of the Turkish troops, he put his wife and little daughter ahead of him on the way to Marselles, but he stayed behind himself to help his seven sons make their escape also.

As "Johnnes" was explaining to the Syrian, he made signs with his forefinger across his throat several times and several quizzed, the Syrian gentleman knit his brows, looked pale and shuddered. The shot came like rain, and the Turks burnt the homes of the Armenians just like you put straw in the stove to burn, said the Armenian, pointing to the hot stove before him. In which a fire was brightly burning. The house blossomed like a kettle boiling, he further explained.

"Johnnes" must have stayed almost too late, for he knows that his seven sons were all killed, and he was so nearly a victim that he had to draw his knife, (which, he explained, all Armenians carry) to cut off bits of his lower robes at which his Turkish enemies caught in his flight. Before he got clear of his pursuers, his clothing was torn to ribbons. He eventually found refuge with the British Consul, who protected him, and sent some men down to the boat with him to preserve him from molestation. He had brought with him



## OFFICERS OF THE CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

enough money to purchase tickets for Marselles, at which place some one told him to go to the "Armee du Salut" because, to use the translator's actual words, "His good father." He did go to Marselles, where he met the Salvation Army, who, according to the report, proved to be "good fellow." In truth, for it sent him and his across to New York, has been caring for him ever since, and we will add, by God's blessing will see that he had at least his inalienable rights, viz., life, liberty, and a chance to be happy.

JOHN COMPLIN.

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

The Central Ontario Province is undoubtedly the largest command in Ontario, extending no less than 200 miles in length, from point to point, reaching from St. Catharines, the "Garden City," the "crucifix," of Canada, to Saint St. Marie, north, and is 100 miles broad, extending to the long distance between the towns, it is necessarily difficult to visit them often, on account of the expense and time, so that a General Council or anniversary is a long-looked-for and happy gathering by our dear officers, who sometimes never see a visiting Officer for months, especially through the winter, but who faithfully labor on for God and souls in spite of difficulty, poverty and spiritual hardness, and God blesses their efforts with souls seeking Salvation, fifty-one last month alone professing repentance. Halleluiah!

The Province is divided into nine Districts, and

## Contains Fifty Corps.

with 117 Officers, Staff and Field. Major Howell, Provincial Officer, and Staff-Captain Watson, the Treasurer, have seen 21 years of Salvation service, mostly in Canada, and therefore are conversant with the country and the people. There are several more cities in the Province, including Toronto, Hamilton and St. Catharines, where the work is advancing. Two Social Institutions supply the wants of the most needy in the two former cities. The Hamilton Shelter was only recently opened by Major Howell and Major Complin, (the worthy Editor of the Cry) and promises to be a success.

## The Junior Soldier Work

is having particular attention, and is going ahead nicely. Adjutant Hay, the

"wee limbs" man," as he is humorously styled, is wholly devoted to the oversight and development of the Junior Soldier work—stating and personally inspecting the work from Corps to Corps, and the results are very encouraging. The work was properly organized at the Barrie Councils some time ago, which was a time of much blessing and wide-reaching results.

The Central Ontario Province has had some of the greatest difficulties to face, but is nobly riding the storm, and the future is pregnant with coming blessings and advancements all along the line.

The financial standing of the Province has materially improved. There was a heavy debt when Major Howell took command, but this has been reduced to a comparatively small amount. A beautiful new brick barracks has been opened at Barrie by the Field Commissioner.

The confidence of the people—which is so easily influenced by adverse critics—is being restored, and generally the prospects are good for a mighty advance.

STAFF-CAPT. WATSON.

## Pithy Points.

Sloth is the key to poverty.

When you doubt, do not act.

Nothing is cheap if you don't want it.

Patches and darning are better than debts.

Every weak man finds some one to tyrannise over him.

Do you never look at yourself when you abuse another person?

Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as strength.

Selling at a great sacrifice usually means sacrificing the customers.

Our love to God arises out of want; His love to us out of Hisfulness.

What has no force in the beginning can gain no strength from the lapse of time.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to reveal a word once spoken.



ONTARIO PROVINCE.

## THE LATEST THE COMMANDANTS AND AUSTRALASIA.

IN a letter just received by the Editor from Colonel Kilby, Australasia's Chief Secretary, is contained the following:

"God has indeed been helping us wonderfully and has filled us with blessing and triumph the Interim between the Commandant's farewell and the Commandants' arrival. To Him be all the praise. We are anticipating a rapid move on in every direction and thank God everything points in an upward direction. The Commandant and Mrs. Booth have simply been swallowed down wholesale, and the manner in which they have been received by Officers and Soldiers alike has inspired them with confidence for the accomplishment of great things in the future.

One of the most encouraging and hopeful evidences of the life and spirit that dominates throughout every Colony, is the magnificent and unparalleled return in connection with the Self-Denial effort which has just finished up.

Australasia may well be proud of herself in announcing to the world that this year she steps well up to the front with a net result of £17,000. Hallelujah!

Being acquainted with the Colonies as you are, you will be able to form some estimate of the toll and devotion on the part of our Officers and Soldiers that is represented by this amount, and will rejoice with us over such a triumphant wind-up.

I am just giving you the Colony totals, as I thought they might be interesting to you:

New Zealand .....	£14,500
N. S. Wales .....	£3,300
Queensland .....	£2,750
Victoria .....	£2,550
W. Australia .....	£2,000
S. Australia .....	£1,900
Australasia .....	£2,550

You will see that this makes our exact total \$17,270.

You will readily understand that with all the Commandant's new projects, etc., we are about as full-handed as we can be; nevertheless, I felt I must send a reply to your kind and welcome letter.

With the very kindest regards to Mrs. Compain and yourself, believe me,  
Yours for God and the Flag,  
GEORGE A. KILBY, Colonel."

## Nelson, B. C., Bombarded.

Adj. Ayre's Graphic Account.

We opened the battle in a great storm of rain, blizzards, shooting, snoring, jarring and dancing by the enemy. Saturday evening, December 12th, was the night. About 50 came to the barracks. A couple of drunks shook our first combat. Sunday, not many out; weather very unfavorable; about 2 came at night. This meeting was also spoiled by the same two drunks. On Monday evening a fresh set of agents from His Britannic Majesty's fort came to break things up; however, we gave them a charge from the Hallelujah Gatling gun, which gave them such a scorching they retreated. One man volunteered forward. I have seen more drunkenness the few days I have been here than I saw all the time (8 weeks) I was in Bute. It's hard to find out just the population, but I should say it's about 2,500. The majority are seeking the treasures of this world, caring very little about the treasures above. Practical Christianity is at a very low ebb, and I don't wonder, for one of Christ's so-called ambassadors has just pressed our door sucking away at the end of a big pipe. It's enough to disgust the devil himself. I should think.

There are four small churches, and about three times as many places where the devil's medicine is dealt out. Everything is very dear here, about double what we have been used to say. Just think, 75 cents for a hair-cut and shave. Yours to cry aloud and spare not.—Adjutant M. Ayre.

A Chicago woman walked down the street with a clear in her mouth. She was arrested, fined, and publicly reprimanded. Fifty years hence this bit of nineteenth century justice will be cited as a title of the stupidity of the middle ages; for fifty years hence the world will realize that whatever violation of society's laws is disgraceful for a woman is just as disgraceful for a man.—Spokane Chronicle.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE re LANTERNS.**  
Will all Officers kindly note that only Light Brigade Provincial Agents are allowed to use Mangle Lanterns in our own barracks. Permission must be obtained from Headquarters should any other Officer desire to conduct a Lantern Service. The carrying out of this rule will save much confusion.

# THE REASONS OF OUR LIPS, And of Ours.

BY THE GENERAL.

"I cannot speak. I have not courage to stand up before a congregation or in a ring in the open-air. I have not nerve to speak to people about their souls and about God and judgment and eternity, either in private or in public. I have not ability. I don't like. I am not called, have not the necessary gifts, am not good enough. I come and listen, and give in (little) and go out with the procession (I don't walk in the ranks), but I cannot stand up and talk. I wish I could, but I cannot."

Now it seems to us that Isaiah felt very much after the same fashion. He could not warn the people when God wanted him, but his excuse was the correct one. He had had a vision; he had seen God, and seen himself, and the result was, he perceived, and felt, and confessed the secret of his silence, and he rightly named the trouble on his lips. It was not mental, or physical, or social, but spiritual inability. "I am a man of unclean lips," that is, he had an unclean heart. That was the sore spot. "Oh, we do have these straight, honest Bible confessions and all other confessions that are straight and honest, too. Out with the truth, if you know it, and, if you don't, may God soon reveal it."

Oh, in what multitudes of instances have we seen just the same sort of experience as that of Isaiah. It was the vision made the difference. Before the vision, all manner of excuses, such as we started with in this paper, and ten thousand more, but after there had been a vision of the divine purity and the testimony of the divine messengers, and a revealing of the divine glory, and a moving of the heart, or of those who were hitherto been as still and as stupid as posts, and a filling of the place with the smoke of the sweet incense of praise and glory—oh, then they have laid out their faces, and all the mean and filthy and worldly and selfish and ease-loving excuses have vanished, and the truth has come out. "Oh my violence, my malice, my vanity, my unfaithfulness, my backsliding. I am a man, I am a woman, of unclean lips. That is the cause, and the only cause, of my padded lips."

God Forgive, and Cleanse, and Save Me!

So the truth comes out. God knew it before, and we suspected it. Now Isaiah, and these likewise afflicted, see it, and God and angels and men hear it confessed. Uncleanliness is the secret of soaked lips.

How can this be? Simple enough to those willing to know. Are you willing? Then we will try and show. There are some reasons evident enough.

1. With uncleanliness there is a sense of perpetual unworthiness for the task. I am not what I profess. If I talk to the people they may reply: "Physician, heal thyself." My husband, my child, my neighbors, my workmates know that I don't live up to my profession. If I could look the crowd in the street or in the theatre or anywhere else in the face and say, "You all know what manner of life I live among you, and which of you can convince me of sin? then I could stand up and fearlessly warn them to flee to Christ from the wrath to come."

2. Uncleanliness means weakness. If a man is suffering from any kind of disease, he is unequal to any kind of hard work. Sin is a disease, and until the soul is perfectly cured, neither God nor man will get much hard work out of it. You feel too lazy and enervated to give yourself for Christ and souls. Here is the reason.

3. Uncleanliness means idols. Idols are weak and woe to him who has a woman running or racing or doing anything for God. These are the brakes on the wheels—here in the secret why thousands are dumb and while a gutter world goes on its way unwarned to hell.

4. Uncleanliness means perpetual condemnation. Condemnation is always more or less accompanied by doubts of doubt and fears and gloom which obscure the soul's vision of Divine things. Heaven and hell and judgment and Calvary and Divine things generally are only dimly seen, and as the result the soul is influenced and exercised by natural things, and the soul is silent—cannot or will not run and speak for God.

5. And further and still more important

**Uncleanliness Shuts Out Inspiration**

God dwells not in an unsanctified heart, and therefore speaks not through unsanctified lips. From an unclean heart God who only can create courage and zeal, and pity and fill with light and love and power, is absent. If you are to have your lips opened, and your message from the Most High God, you want a message, otherwise how can you deliver the Word of the Lord?

What is the Remedy? Here it is—a live coal, a red-hot fire, from off the Divine altar that is upon the living heart, which, touching you, will make your heart red-hot. A seraphim took one to Isaiah; never mind who brings it to you, whether it is a seraphim or a Salvationist! You can't get it wrong if you get the right fire. Fire, mind—not ice, pure, and purifying fire. The moment it touched Isaiah and his iniquity was taken away, and his sin was purged. Oh, for this fire! Blessed seraphim, come again! God is no respecter of persons. He came once to Pentecost—at least the same fire came again, whoever brought it. And again and again and again since then. Repeat thy visits, and touch the lips of every Salvationist soldier in our ranks.

But this means something on the part of Salvation Army Soldiers. What is it?

1st. For the purifying purpose. To be clean. Can you do this, my comrades? Have you counted the cost of what is intended on your part by being a saint indeed?

"I can't be penitent," said a sister the other day, as she rose from the singleness penitential. "I cannot be singular among all my friends." So she took away with her the trappings of her pride, the signs of her bondage, and went without the fire. She wanted to be useful, and felt she must be; so she qualified the live coal; but she would not pay the price.

**Count the Cost, and Honestly Pay It.**

Better keep your property, O Ananias and Sapphira, than give it to the Lord and then hold part of it back.

Present yourself, with honest purpose—all you have and are and hope to have and be. Wait! Expect! Trust! And now the mighty Spirit comes with purging fire and quenching flame, and Isaiah exclaims: "My iniquities are taken away and my sin is purged, my uncleanliness is gone—heart and lips unclean no longer."

Hold there, Isaiah! What is it you say? Be wary of absolute perfection, sinlessness, conceit—these I beware! What do you say? "All my iniquity is taken away, and all my sin is purged?" How do you know? "The seraphim said so, and I believe him. It is gone; I have no iniquity now, it is taken away; and I have no sin, it is purged! All glory to God for ever! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" Is that all your authority? "Oh, no; I have authority beyond that. I feel it; I know it. My clean heart testifies to the fact my dignity is taken away, and my sin is purged."

Amos, Isaiah! We believe you, and what God has cleansed, Heaven forbid that we should call unclean or common,

## The Religious World.

Evangelist Moody attains his sixtieth year on the 24th of February next.

The native Christians in heathen lands last year gave \$25,000, more than one-half the amount raised in the United States.

The annual report of the Moravian Church gives 150 missions stations, and missionaries and 97,000 converts in heathen lands.

One hundred and fifty Chinese converts were baptized during the last twenty years in the Republic of Korea, North China—China.

The forty-minute sermon is bitterly complained of by the man who was giving the forty-page Sunday morning Shock just before church.—The Mid-Continent.

An "honorary missionary" is one who assumes himself from his own means. There are several very misleading ones connected with the Church Missionary Society—Canadian Churchmen.

Eight prisoners in the Louisville, Ky., jail were baptized on a recent Sunday. The men had been led to Christ through the services of a Christian Endeavor Society of the city.—Itam's Horn.

Twenty-five million dollars is the Sultan's price for a promise not to kill any more Christians at present. And the Christian powers have agreed to pay it. Abdul is a thimble.—Catholic Register.

The supreme test of character, that which measures its power for self and the world, is in the prayer, "Not my will, but Thine be done." The great men are not by the power accumulated in covering the thrills borne in each day's battle.—Catholic Register.





## HELPS FOR S. S. WOMEN.

JANUARY 17th.

## "MOSES' GREAT WORK."

Exodus IV., 1-21, 27-31.

Our last lesson shows with Moses standing near the burning bush, listening to his father's God as He speaks to him. His ears his purposes concerning the children of Israel. Just a verse or two further on we read, "The Lord said to Moses that He would send him to Pharaoh to bring them out of the land of Egypt."

## A Call of Long Ago.

Forty years before this, when Moses visited his brethren in Egypt, he seems to have quite believed that by the hand of God he was to be Israel's deliverer (see Acts vii. 23) but when his brethren refused him, here seems to have died out in his heart. No doubt that many a time during those long years shepherding in Midian his heart went back to his people, and his consciousness that his brethren would not recognize him as the deliverer must have been to him a constant pain and sorrow.

## Moses Feels Faint-Hearted.

Now, however, he appeared quite unprepared for this great revelation, and staggered at the importance of the work which God told him to do. God's promise of His presence was enough to have driven the fear from any heart, but Moses hesitated. Despite his love and sympathy for his afflicted people he had not a large amount of natural courage.

## But not from Selfish Considerations.

But we notice that he did not plead his own, wife, or family as an excuse for not wishing to go. His after efforts proved how prepared he was for the sacrifice. Moses' difficulty was that he did not consider his position in the work. His simple, humble spirit would have been content to have herded Jethro's flock until his dying day, but it is often said that such men that God wants to make leaders of. He can do something with this kind of people—they are not in such danger of running off on plans of their own, and will be willing to wait until He gives the word of command.

## "They will not Believe me."

Moses raised an objection, and a very foolish one, for when God has spoken to a man, we can be sure that He will give the required fitness for it. But God bore with his lack of trust, and by two miracles showed him His power and wisdom. He would let the people know that His servant had a Divine commission.

## "I am not Eloquent."

The devil presented another difficulty in Moses' mind, and he remembered that he could not talk well. But God reminded him that He had made man's mouth and that He would teach him what to say. This should have satisfied Moses, yet still the poor, trembling heart murmured as he thought of the immensity of the undertaking, of hard-hearted Pharaoh and the Egyptians of his own people's weakness, and how they had repented his previous well-meant interference on their behalf. But God, though angry with such cowardice, had brought Moses into the world on purpose for this work and would not let him fail in the work, giving him as his mouthpiece his brother Aaron.

## "And the People Believed."

God soon let Moses see that He was as good as His word, and that the people for whom he was to spend his life would acknowledge him from God and their appointed leader.

God never leaves people who follow him courageously and wholeheartedly without signs of their Divine appointment. Signs will follow the Junior who believes and does as his conscience tells him—he will be freed from fear and unbelief, he will have a new tongue to confess Christ, he will be able to cast out devils.

## God's Strength in Human Weakness.

Moses' natural timidity and lack of self-confidence was nothing to God, and such is no excuse for anybody holding back from God's call to service. He has courage for the true faith for the faithfulness strength for the weak, and wisdom for them that lack understanding. Let us take a lesson from Moses who, after all his years, surrendered to God's will, went home and said good-bye to Jethro and the sheep, put his wife and boys on a donkey, and started off at 80 years of age to his great work. Had Moses refused to obey, we know not how long God's plans for Israel might not have been delayed.

## QUESTIONS.

Why did Moses fear to take up his work?

What signs did God give him of His presence and help?  
How was God's promise fulfilled?  
What great lesson does the call of Moses teach?

## MEMORY TEXT.

"Go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

## THE DEVIL'S KID GLOVES.

ORILLIA.—The War is going on in this northern country, but not without some desperate combats. Bill Dyker says the devil often comes to him with his white kid gloves over his dirty black hands. Sister Dyker is a visit from War Cry Juniors in the hotels on Saturday afternoons. Our Comrade has charge of the Juniors. This time this is in print we shall have had our Juniors' Christmas Tree. We had Brother and Sister Melvain with us on Sunday—two tried Army comrades. We had not forget your labor or love. We had a visit from Brother James, the temperance lecturer, accompanied by his wife and music. There is noise of war in the air. The Lord is in our midst. Look out for the wild-wind—William Lewis, Captain.

## A MARRIAGE AT HALIFAX I.

HALIFAX I.—On Thursday night a Halifalun wedding. The contracting parties were Bandsman Fraser and Junior Sergeant Hannah McLeod, both of Halifax I. Ceremonies, assisted by the Reverend Harry Negrus and Sister Maud Weirley. After Adjutant Creighton read the Army Articles of Marriage, the Rev. John McMillan performed the marriage ceremony, and spoke good words of advice, after which the bride and groom gave their testimonies. A large crowd was in attendance. May the Lord bless the happy couple, and make them successful in the Divine life.—Secretary Casbin.

NEWCASTLE.—Good day Sunday, ending with Jesus receiving two of his wandering ones to Himself. Many in deep trouble over their souls. Our faith runs high for our winter's work here—Yours enjoying the light, Ida M. Miller.

## SUMMERSIDE.

We are, by the grace of God, having victory, proving daily that His power is not limited. Our trust is firm in Christ. Our mission is to have a new and blessed of God, and have had the joy of seeing some of the wanderers return to their Father's house. Our God whom we serve, able to deliver. Halifalun I.—Mattie Gamble.

## EDMONTON.

Great times last Sunday. Wonderful power in all the meetings. But I was at night as it hadn't been for a long time; one soul in the Fountain. Glory to God.—H. Kreker, Reg. Cor.

Good meetings all day Sunday at LISBONVILLE. Converts coming along fine.—S. M. A. R. C.

Two souls for the week at MOIDEN. Reports Newfoundland.

"HELLO! What was going on at Riverdale Sunday?"

"Why, what do you think? Two of the Ex-Provincial Staff Band boys were leading the meetings from 7 a. m. till midnight; two souls were converted and we gave God the glory. Ah! that's just you; go on and win souls for the Master.—Lieutenant Thon, Pres. for Captain McDougall.

## PETERBORO.

God is giving us the victory. Halifalun I! We had a blessed time at Soldiers' meeting on Wednesday night. God was with us all the time. We had with us on Sunday Lieutenant Mendall Greene, our old comrade, who has just returned home to spend Christmas. God bless him! We had blessed meetings all day Sunday, too. At the holiness meeting two prodigals returned to Jesus. God keep them true; also at night four souls found pardon at the feet of Jesus. Halifalun I! Yours fighting.—Sergt. May Lang.

## JOE LUDGATE AND THE KINTOGRAPH.

VICTORIA, B. C.—We have "moved" since last you heard from us, and are now in the old Methodist Church, next door to where we formerly held our meetings. Adjutant Clark and his assistants did their best to make the opening meeting a success. Captain Lane and the Kintograph were with us. Several solos and musical selections were reproduced by the aid of that wonderful electrical machine. Adjutant Joe Ludgate's singing was especially enjoyed. We hope to hear him again some night. The meeting closed with an appeal to the unsaved, and a red-hot prayer-meeting.—Annie Reilly.

## JAMESTOWN, N. D.

Good meeting yesterday. Six out for clean hearts. Fighting hard, determined to win. Soldiers getting into uniform. Look more like Soldiers, and can fight for Jesus ever so much better. God is very good to us, and we mean to do all we can to build up His Kingdom.—J. M. Dearborn, Reg. Cor.

DUNDAS on the rise. Good day Sunday. Increased all round. One volunteer at night. Win we will.—Cramer and Worr.

## TEMPLE, Toronto.

Sunday a day of Salvation, with eleven souls for the day. Some of the old Soldiers are coming home again who left a few years ago. The Corps is getting stronger in every way. To God be all the glory.—Jupiter.

HALIFAX still on the move. Thursday good times. I can tell you what Adjutant Gibbs stopped to the front and read the Articles of War to the crowd. We knew something was going to happen. Then came the singing of "Victory." The good old Army Flag! Our four brave warriors stepped to the front, and were sworn in as Soldiers of the Salvation Army. Some of our old comrades were present, but they are full-godded Soldiers, anyhow. Then, best of all, one poor soul came to the Cross, got the message of pardon, and said—Yours to call again, Rogers, Reg. Cor.

## LISTWELL.

We are having good crowds, especially Sunday nights, when the barracks is crowded, even to standing space, and a dozen or more kept out in the cold, waiting until some go out, so that they can get in. Oh, God does come and wonderfully bless us. Glory to His dear Name! We had Emslie Scotland with us on Friday night. Had a beautiful time. Then on Sunday night was the crowding time, when four souls tumbled into the Fountain. We closed at eleven o'clock, but feeling well rested for our day's night. Then on Monday we had the big guns with us in the persons of Lieutenant Margate, Adjutant Taylor, and the Father, also James Emslie, and also Comrades from Palmerston and Drayton. There was a blessed influence in the meeting, but no one yielded to the striving of God's Spirit. So rejoicing said we would have a happy time for ourselves, and had all with choruses and testimonies, followed by a march around the hall and then a hop-up. I tell you it was astonishing. The majority of us caught it. Then Brigadier told us a little anecdote about the chorus we were singing, which brought down the house, and we could not sing much more, so he closed the meeting, and we all went home, running over with joy. I. C.

## A PROPER CONVERT.

YARMOUTH, N. S.—God is giving us victory here. During the last fortnight ten souls have sought and found Salvation. One of the converts said that War Cry, securing his regular customers, the first week he was saved. We are having his alterations made in our Barracks, and expect by the beginning of the New Year to have things in their accustomed order, and to be going in with all our might for a tremendous breakdown in the ranks of the Devil. There is a great deal of conviction in the meetings. A. Y. L.

## GHOSTLY MEMENTOS.

SPRING HILL.—Two souls at the Mercy on Friday night, and God in His love set them free. They are doing well. On Tuesday night, Captains Steppers and Allan with us. Had a very special meeting. Thomas Prodigious Son, in four acts. Captain Steppers acting as Prodigal. First act: "Leaving home." Second act: "Enters bar-room, gets drunk, plays cards, struggles and roasts." Third act: "On sidewalk, with no money, where he meets a man who sells him feeling worse." etc. Fourth act: "Returns home in a rage, and the man who was with Peter Wheeler (the murderer of Annie Kempton) in his last hours, spoke of him, showing his guilt and after ten years' solitary, I am well, and said murderer. The meeting was

very interesting and impressive. A surprise after meeting. We are going on. D. HINDY, Captain.

We have had such nice times here that I thought I would write you. On Sunday we had with us Emslie Keweenaw and glorious times. Conviction rested on the hearts of the people, but no conversion until in the evening, when one soul found pardon at the feet of the Cross. Soldiers in grand fighting order and full of faith. We mean to keep fighting.—J. S. Phillips, Salvation Harbor, Halifax, N. S.

## What Brought David Out of Bed?

The other day, going up town, I was thinking very much over our special Self-Denial War Cry. On the other side of the street I saw a lady who often asks me to send her a War Cry, and I just thought I wish I had sent her one of this week's, and as I turned around she called across the street, "Oh, by the way, if there is anything special in the War Cry line, please send me one." I said, "Yes, I will send you this week's, for it is fine." A few days after I met the same lady and she said, "Oh, thank you very much! The War Cry you sent me was just what I needed." And, of course, I was just of the same opinion, and do you know, between you and I, I believe that War Cry helped me to double my collection for Self-Denial this year.



TREASURER DAVID CUSICK, Quebec.

Ah, dear old War Cry! many a blessing and inspiration you have been to me, and often have I had to get out of my bed at night and get on my knees and consecrate my life to God, after I had read some of the Corps reports written in your dear pages by some of my old comrades. Thank God, dear War Cry! After ten years' solitary, I am well, and by God's help I mean to meet all my dear Comrades in the Morning. DAVID CUSICK, Treas., Quebec.



We Want Your Ear to listen to the groans of the helpless and take a G. D. M. Day. This will practically benefit them.





# HALLELUJAH HARMONIES

—AND—

## Songs for Saints and Sinners.

### SALVATION.

#### Saviour, I Know Thou Lovest Me.

Tunes.—Dear Heart, I Find We're Growing Old; or, Kiss Me, and I'll Go to Sleep; O, Take Me Back Again, Kathleen.

1 Saviour, I come to Thee just now,  
Thy precious Blood was shed for me;  
Unlock the chains that bind my heart  
And let Thy Spirit enter in.  
I cannot rest, I cannot rest,  
This hall of sin is hard to bear;  
Come in, come in, Thou Heavenly Guest,  
And live, and dwell forever there.

#### Chorus.

Saviour, I know Thou lovest me,  
Saviour, I know Thou lovest me;  
I'm, oh! so weak, unworthy still,  
Yet, Lord, I know Thou lovest me.

Saviour, I know that on the Cross  
Thy precious Blood was shed for me;  
Oh, wash me, cleanse me from all sin,  
Thou Lamb of God, I come to Thee!  
I cannot, cannot, cannot rest,  
Till Thou all my iniquities remove,  
Come in, come in, Thou Heavenly Guest,  
And let me feel a Saviour's love.

Oh, God! I cannot let Thee go;  
My heart is weary, sad and lone;  
Make me what God Thou wouldst have me  
to be.

The will, oh God, Thy will be done;  
I cannot, cannot, will not rest,  
Until from guilt and sin set free;  
I'm, oh, so weak, unworthy still,  
Yet, Lord, I know Thou lovest me.

—By the late Miss J. Graham, Lindsay,  
Ont. author of "Life's Morning Will Soon  
Be Waning."

#### —:—:—

### Not To-Night.

Tune.—I Have Heard of a Saviour's Love.

2 When I have heard sinners say, "Not to-  
night!"  
If asked to decide for their God,  
I think of the numbers in hell  
Who now are lamenting that word.

#### Chorus.

Praise the Lord!  
There's salvation for all who will come  
To the Cross!  
In Heaven there's plenty of room.

Yes, in hell there are millions to-day  
Who might have been brought to the  
light.  
If they'd not said, when asked to decide,  
"No, some other time—not to-night!"

No repentance or tears will avail,  
Once the river of death has been  
crossed;  
When you find that your soul is in hell,  
Then you are eternally lost.

How dreadful the anguish and woe,  
The sorrow, remorse and despair,  
Which those who were warned, but are  
lost.

Must endure! Oh, sinner, beware!  
Jesus offers free pardon to all  
Who trust in the soul-cleansing blood;  
Come, plunge in the Fountain to-day,  
Come, now, make your peace with your  
God!

Lizzie Little.

#### —:—:—

Tune.—Bringing in the Sheaves.

3 Jesus Christ our Saviour came in  
pity  
Came to seek the lost ones who in  
sin did stray;  
Out upon the mountains went He to the  
rescue,  
Heeding not the storms that swept the  
narrow way.

Old Chorus.—Jesus fully saves.

Though He saw the sorrows, cruel blows  
and railings,  
Saw the crown of thorns and Calvary's  
rugged tree;  
Yet with heart of pity He longed to save  
the wanderer,  
Precisely gave His life to ransom you and  
me.

Come, oh come to Jesus, He's waiting to  
receive you,  
Cast aside your sins and seek His face  
to-day;  
He will love you freely, will pardon your  
transgressions,  
Plunge into the Fountain, enter while  
you may.

L. M. C., Clark's Harbor.

### BACKSLIDERS.

Tune.—Bring Back My Bonnie to Me.

4 My Saviour is waiting in Glory,  
Just over the bright crystal sea;  
My Saviour so sweetly is calling,  
Is calling, dear sinner, for Thee.

#### Chorus.

Come back, come back,  
Jesus is calling for thee;  
Come back, come back,  
Oh, come back, He's calling for thee.

Perhaps thou wert once following Jesus,  
Perhaps for His cause you once stood;  
But still He doth love thee so dearly,  
Come, wash in the Sin-Cleansing Flood.

Each day as afar thou hast wandered,  
Each day as afar thou hast strayed,  
Thy Saviour, in gentle compassion,  
Has still thy just sentence delayed.

Oh, why put it off till to-morrow?  
You'll surely go deeper in sin;  
Oh, why will you falter and grieve Him?  
My Jesus will help you to win.

Oh, fly to Him now while there's mercy,  
Oh, fly to Him now while there's room;  
The Blood of my Saviour so precious,  
That Blood for thy guilt will atone.

—Captain David Smith, Bermuda, and  
L. M. C.

### HOLINESS.

#### Oh, When?—Just Now.

Tunes.—I Have Heard of a Saviour's  
Love, B. J. 53; 2; Almighty to  
Love, B. J. 31; The Cross Now Covers, B.  
J. 80; 5; We shall Win, B. J. 23, 1.

5 Oh, when shall my soul find her  
rest,  
My struggles and wrestlings be  
o'er?

My heart, by my Saviour possessed,  
By fearing and sinning no more.

Now search and try me, O Lord,  
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry;

—See! I cry, I cry, I cry to Thy word,  
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

My idols I cast at Thy feet,  
My all I return Thee, Who gave;  
This moment the work is complete,  
For Thou art almighty to save.

O Saviour, I dare to believe,  
Thy blood for my cleansing I see;  
And, asking in faith, I receive,  
Salvation, full, present, and free.

O Lord, I shall now comprehend  
Thy mercy, so high and so deep;  
And long shall my praises ascend,  
For Thou art almighty to keep.

### EXPERIENCE.

Tune.—The Maple Leaf.

6 I'm thinking of the old, sad days  
when I followed Satan's ways;  
And cared not for the Saviour Who  
for sinners bled and died.

The Cross had no action, or the Blood  
that flowed so freely,  
To save my guilty, sin-stained soul and  
make me fit for Heaven.

#### Chorus.

That Blood has never lost its power to  
save poor, guilty sinners,  
'Tis flowing from the Fountain to-day,  
The precious Blood of Jesus.

My soul grew weary of its load, and longed  
to find that light above;  
Where in God's love all who obey, for-  
ever more shall dwell.

No help seemed near, my voice to cheer,  
or lift my soul to Heaven;  
Until a Voice said, soft and low, "For  
you My life was given."

'Twas Jesus' voice, I felt its power, and  
from my soul that very hour  
The darkness fled, with all my sin, and  
Jesus gave me light.  
And by God's grace I'll live each day  
to tell to every sinner  
That in a mansion bright and fair we  
all may live forever.

Sergt. Katie Allen, Kingston, Ont.

### WAKEUPEN, N.D.

We had Ensign Mackenzie here three  
days, lantern service Monday night.  
The house was packed and we had good  
order. We can sing, "Oh! it's getting  
better, glory in my soul!" Praise God,  
we are having victory.—K. Griewe.

### Not the World, but Jesus.

Tunes.—Just Before the Battle, Mother,  
B. J. 157; Always Cheerful, B. J. 43;  
I Will Follow Thee, B. J. 2; Kiss Me,  
Mother, Kiss Your Darling, or, In  
the Gloaming.

7 Is it gold—so loved by many,  
That my soul can satisfy?  
Is it pleasure, such as always  
By this world is prized so high?  
As of yore, is my desire  
To do naught but seek my ease;  
Do I for the flesh seek comfort,  
Which is found so soon to cease?

#### Chorus.

Jesus, Jesus, precious Saviour,  
Thou art all in all to me;  
And I know to other comfort,  
But, oh Lord, to follow Thee.

Is it fame—the world's desire,  
That I daily seek to gain?  
Do I toil, and work, and labor,  
For naught else but what is vain?  
Ah, this life is but a vision  
Only for a moment seen;  
Do I seek to mark on memory,  
That a man of fame I've been?

Nay! 'Tis only my desire  
To do that which pleases God;  
For I, too, am of that number  
Who are washed in Jesus' Blood.  
Go I would, with all my pleasure,  
All thy idle fading toys;  
Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour,  
Holds my everlasting joys.

Can. Krieger, Edmonton, N. W. T.

## MISSING

### To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway  
relatives in any part of the globe; be-  
friended, or assisted, if possible, wronged  
girls, women or children, or any person  
lost. Address: COMMISSIONER  
EVA BOUVER, 18 Albert Street, Toronto,  
Canada, and mark "Enquiry" on the en-  
velope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray  
a part of the expenses.  
We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers  
and friends will look through the Missing  
Column regularly, and if they see any  
cases which they could help us with, we  
would be pleased if they would do so.

152. GEORGE DAVIES, Age 15. Was  
with Dr. Barnardo five years. Went away  
about 14 months ago. Last known ad-  
dress: Care H. B. Owens, Esq., 24 Far-  
ley Avenue, Toronto, Canada. Father en-  
quires.

153. JOHN BARROW, Age 15. His  
mother is Mrs. Barrow, 108 St. John's  
home. Not been heard of since 1885. His  
address was then Care Mr. C. Jonnston,  
Chesterville, P. O., Ontario, Canada.  
Mother enquires.

154. THOMAS VALENTINE RUSH-  
ER, Age 15. Blue eyes; fair complexion,  
light brown hair. Native of Newport,  
Isle of Wight. Last heard of Care Mr.  
J. F. Cole, Ontario, Canada. Formerly be-  
longed to Dr. Barnardo's home, Farley  
Avenue, Toronto. Not been heard of for  
13 months. Mother, Mrs. C. Rusher, en-  
quires.

155. JOHN FAIRMAN, Age 16 or 17. 5  
ft. 8 in. Very dark complexion, very curly  
hair. Came to Canada in 1883. Last  
heard of was working with a Mr. Henry  
Fitzpatrick. Daughter, Catherine Farran,  
enquires.

156. JAMES ALBERT WHEELER,  
Age 44; 5 ft. 6 in.; light blue eyes; dark  
sandy hair. Was with the 10th of the  
years ago working at McOmmond's  
livery stables, 22 and 24 Jamaica Street,  
Winnipeg, Canada. John Barnett enquires  
on behalf of his mother, Mary Vili.

157. CAMPBELL, FAMILY. Georgina,  
Helen, Susan and Mary Campbell, one is  
married. They were sent out by Dr. Bar-  
nardo in 1883 or 1884. Supposed to be in  
Montreal. Brother, R. N. Campbell, en-  
quires.

158. SAMUEL THOS. GEO. MORRIS  
and Clara Charlotte Morris, Age 13 and  
11; both fair. Sent out to St. Pancras  
School, Leavenworth Green. Supposed to  
have been sent out to Canada from there.  
Mother enquires.

159. CHARLOTTE SHERRIK. Went  
out to Montreal 1883. Supposed to have  
married a man named Valdes. Last  
heard of was in July, 1883. Sister, Alice  
Skinner, enquires.

160. JAMES HENRY CUEST, Age 13  
or 14. Was sent out from Dr. Barnardo's  
about seven years ago. Sister, Alice Bird,  
enquires.

161. LOUICA and ELIZABETH JANE  
MORGAN. Left England 1882 for Miss  
McPherson's Home, Perth, Ontario.  
Last heard of March, 1887. Brother  
John Morgan enquires.

162. FREDERICK JAMES KNOWLES,  
Age 32; 5 ft. 8 in.; tall complexion,

dark brown hair; moustache. Father  
card-maker. Left England March, 1881.  
Sailed in the "Valencian" to Winnipeg.  
Landed safely in Montreal. Not heard  
of since. Wife, F. M. Knowles, en-  
quires.

163. WILLIAM PEARCE, Age 22; 5  
ft. 8 in. Native of Shropshire. Married.  
Last heard of was in some livery sta-  
bles, Toronto. Mother enquires.

164. JOHN DOTY. Roman Catholic.  
Last heard of at Port Caldwell, Ontario,  
then working for the Canadian Pa-  
cific Railway Co. Brother, Martin Doty,  
enquires.

165. CHARLES LAMONT. Left home  
16 years ago. Served 3 years in the Amer-  
ican Army. Was discharged in 1871 while  
stationed at Fort Assiniboine, B. C.  
Employed for some time by Mackenzie  
& Co., in Big Sandy, Montana. Brother,  
John Lamont, Springfield, N. S., enquires.

166. WILLIAM MCCORMACK, Glas-  
gow, England. Was last heard of at Sa-  
vatar Army Light Horse, 13 Commerce  
Street, Montreal. Any one knowing his  
whereabouts, please write "Enquiry."

167. GEORGE FREDERICK or FRED  
PEARSON. Left Peterboro, Ontario,  
about sixteen years ago. Last heard  
from was living either at Corning, Cal-  
ifornia, or near there in September, 1884.  
His brother is very anxious to know  
his whereabouts. Address, Alfred E.  
Pearson, Peterboro, Ontario, Canada.  
American and Australian Crisp copies.

168. BRYON. WALTER COLLINS  
21 years of age; 5 ft. 10 in. in height;  
weight, about 160 lbs.; black hair, dark  
brown eyes. Last heard of was in 1881;  
then living at North Evansville, Ill.,  
was then attending the North-Western  
College, Rev. J. Cummings, D. D., L. L.  
D., President. Address, John M. Collins,  
Richard's Landing, Algonquin, Ont.

169. JOHN EDWIN MATHIE, Age 2  
years. When last heard of seven years  
ago was living in Duluth, Minnesota. His  
mother is anxious to know of his where-  
abouts. Address, Mrs. M. Mathie, Crip-  
pen, Ont. American Crisp copies.

## Coming Events.

### MRS. MAJOR READS

proposed tour in the North-West Pro-  
vince: Port Arthur, Jan. 6th; Fort Wil-  
liam, 7th; Travelling, 8th; Winnipeg,  
9th, 10th, 11th, 12th; Portage la Prairie,  
13th; Grafton, 14th; Grand Forks,  
15th, 16th, 17th; Fargo, 18th; Wahpeton,  
19th; Valley City, 21st, 22nd; Jamestown,  
23rd, 24th; Bismarck, 25th; Mandan, 26th.

### The Light Brigade Provincial Agency

#### Appointments.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.  
CAPTAIN SIMS (with Lantern) will  
visit Ottawa, 11th, 12th; Amperior, 13th,  
14th; Pembroke, 16th, 17th; Renfrew,  
18th, 19th; Perth, 20th, 21st, 22nd.

### NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN MACKENZIE (with Lantern)  
will visit: Morton, 6th, 7th; Win-  
nipeg, 8th, 9th, 10th; Neepawa, 12th, 13th;  
Minnedosa, 14th; Rapid City, 15th; Neas-  
sah, 16th, 17th, 18th; Moccasin, 19th, 20th,  
21st.

### EASTERN PROVINCE.

ENSIGN PERRY (with Lantern) will  
visit: Spring Hill, 7th, 8th; Amherst,  
9th, 10th; Sackville, 11th, 12th; Sussex, 13th;  
Fondos, 14th; Carleton Place, 15th;  
Hillsboro, 16th, 17th; Albert, 18th; Mon-  
ton, 19th; Chatham, 20th; Newcastle,  
21st; Campbellton, 23rd, 24th.

NOTE: A SPECIAL JUNIORS' AND  
BAND LOVE MEETING IS CON-  
DUCTED AT 6 p.m. BY EACH P.A.  
PREVIOUS TO THE SENIOR LAN-  
TERN SERVICE, ADMISSION, 2 cents.  
BAND OF LOVE MEMBERS FREE.

### BOZEMAN, Mont.

Hallelujah to Jesus! We are marching  
on to victory. Just got fixed up in our  
new hall. No time to say farewell to B.  
but we believe the Lord is leading and say  
amen and obey. At farewell meeting  
two souls were saved. One found the  
blessed Saviour, both good ones—Cap-  
tain Black.

### MILES CITY.

We are thanking God for the ray of  
sunshine He has given us. Sunday night  
very good meeting. One backslider re-  
turned home, proving that the husbands  
were too hard to live on. The way of  
peace is so much better. Sinner, back-  
slider, "Come Home." Jesus wants you.  
Waiting for you.—M. A. W. and C. H.

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bert Street, Toronto.